A POEM for Queen CHARLOTTE's BIRTH-DAY;

Which, for the Good of TRADE,
Is appointed to be Kept on the

Eighteenth of JANUARY:

But is Originally on the

Nineteenth of MAY.

To which is added,
An Acroſtick, Congratulation, and Caution.

May ev'ry Birth-day's Feaſt,
Always attended be
With ſplendid worthy Gueſts,
Filled with Loyalty:
May ſocial friends, who keep the ſame,
Chearfully think on CHARLOTTE's Name;
And, with the Author go, I pray;
From JANUARY into MAY.

By STEPHEN EGLETON, *a ſtander in need of Help.*
Reſiding at No. 42, St. Andrew's Hill, near St. Paul's.

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Printed by the Author, for the Relief of Himſelf, an infirm Wife, and ſix ſmall Children; who will ſtill gratefully acknowledge the ſmalleſt Favour.

Let your Light ſo ſhine before Men, that they may ſee your good Works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.

A POEM for the QUEEN's Birth-Day, &c.

And Kings ſhall be thy nurſing fathers, and Queens thy nurſing mothers;—and all thy Children ſhall be taught of Me; and great ſhall be the Peace of thy Children.

AGAIN we hail the uſual day,
When Briton's celebrate
The birth of Her who pav'd the way
For England's happy ſtate.
Born to make happy Him who reigns
Over a People Free;
Free'd by the Freedom he maintains,
O'er lawleſs Liberty.
Which Liberty, ye Britons all,
Loſe not, but with your lives;
Elſe, unto France and Spain will fall*
Victims yourſelves and wives.
Born to extirpate every claim,
That may uſurp the throne;
Secur'd faſt by a numerous train,†
Britons may call their own.

* Yea, and perhaps Holland too.

† Here I would be underſtood the many Children with whcih God hath bleſſed our King and Queen; or, if taken in another ſenſe, the Train of arms and preparations for War's defence, the which this nation is abundantly bleſſed with, both in artiſts and executors; and which, I pray God, may in future be uſed with ſucceſs, in the hands of the young Princes, for the quelling of foreign and domeſtick foes, who may hereaft r envy the happy, peaceable and tranquil ſtate of this, I hope, then flouriſhing iſland

46. 12. 1750.

Born to alleviate the weight
That doth a crown attend;
Sooth the ſorrows of adverſe fate,
In wife, mother, and friend;
Know George, the man thus bleſt, ſaith God
Is favour'd of the Lord;
The apoſtle tells you from his word,
What ſhould be her reward.
Born here to be a fruitful vine,
Her branches ſpread around;
If water'd with a hand divine,
With bleſſings ſhall abound.
Bleſſings for many years in ken,
Yea, ages ages too;
Let each good ſubject ſay, Amen,
Tho' it ſhould laſt time thro'.
—Recall the thought, remember ANN,
Late crown'd head of this realm;
Mother of woman and of man,
Left none to ſteer her helm.
Far be the wiſh of this to be,
Our Royal Pair's ſad fate;
Suggeſted in ſome ſmall degree,
To crop pride's wing elate.
Born a good example to ſet,
Unto the weaker ſort;
Let ſuch her pattern not forget,
In country, town, or court.
Born for the nation's good to care,
As plainly may be ſeen
In the apparel ſhe doth wear,
Befitting for a Queen.
No gewgaw ſhew of foreign toys,
But what promotes our trade;

These temper'd by the wholesome laws,
Her trusty Guardian's made
Befitting state and dignity,
Virtue and modest grace;
As in each action we may see,
If observingly trac'd.
Born to alleviate and relieve,
The wants of the distrest;
With sympathy their tale believe,
And speedy them redress:*
Long may she go on in this tract,
Love universal gain;
Envy may grudge at such good acts,
But never can them stain.†

From moral conduct turn the scale
Unto precepts divine;
Thro' him whose pray'r always prevails;
Therein may CHARLOTTE shine.
Like Sarah may she at all times,
Obey her Royal Lord;
Let those whom God together joins,
Live in peace and concord;
May she be taught of God to teach
Her children Wisdom's ways;

* Here may be understood the indigent, poor, and unhappy persons under deplorable, though deserved, yet miserable circumstances:——*more especially*

Of females, under death's dire cast,
To Her may thankful be;
For saving rope, and room in cart,
And weight on Tyburn Tree.

† Woe unto ye, (saith Jesus, the Head and Saviour of his Body the Church) when all men speak well of you.

As that's the ſureſt path to reach
  True happineſs and praiſe.
May ſhe a nurſing mother prove,
  In them in time to come;
Unto the Church, Chriſt's Turtle Dove,
  Purchas'd by God's dear Son.
May ſhe remember, that as well,
  As there's a time for birth,
There is for death, and all that dwell
  Muſt return to the earth.
When all their pomp and grandeur muſt
  For ever here be o'er;
Dominion levell'd with the duſt,
  And honour'd be no more:
Then with the beggar equal be,
  I'th grave's no difference made;
Then of hereafter, well as we
  Kings and Queens be afraid.
Mark here the ſtain of human pride,
  " In ſinning Thou ſhalt die;
With virgins Lord, on thy right ſide,
  Place thou our Queen on high.
Supply her lamp with burning oil;
  Watching, faſting, and pray'r;
Veſſels thus fill'd will never ſpoil,
  But be thy ſpecial care:
May ſhe add thankſgiving thereto,
  With gratitude and praiſe;
And pay the Tribute's that thy due,
  By good works all her days.
Yet ſince Jehovah ſent his Son,
  Who ſin to ſlay was born;
Let each his race allotted run,
  And truſt Salvation's Horn.

O may our Queen, when done with time,
And freed from worldly ſtrife,
Amidſt the bleſt aſſembly join,
Accounted the Lamb's wife.
There may ſhe meet her conſort too,
And all their offspring dear;
There ſee, and hear, and know and view,
More than they could do here.
With ſuch a virtuous wife as this,
May Our King thankful be;
Do nothing on his part amiſs
To break felicity:
Great God, preſerve him from all ſnares,
A court lays in his way;
To ſhun them be his conſtant care,
Leſt he becomes their prey:
But ſee with the Wife of his youth,
He aims to live in peace:
That all ills follow, is a truth,
When this Union doth ceaſe.
From far ſhe came to make him bleſt,
And left her native home;
In's arms to find a place of reſt,
No more to change or roam:
A bleſſing this, which many Kings
Moſt gladly would have ſhar'd;
For Queens have oftentimes prov'd ſtings,
As ſcourging rods been ſpar'd:
But, ſince, on the contrary wiſe,
Queen CHARLOTTE doth prove;
Let her be precious in his eyes,
And Honour her with Love.
A greater pledge he cannot have,
Than Male and Female line;

Him to ſurvive, when in the grave,
And ſpread his fame thro' time;
Ye children of the Royal Race,
You're parents ſtrict obey;
Reward you will the God of Grace,
With wealth and length of days:
Obedience to the God of Love,
Obedience to your King;
Influenc'd by the heavenly Dove,
Will unto heaven you bring.
Let their example prove a teſt,
Or ſtandard to each pair;
To ſtrive who loves each o her beſt,
As doth the Royal Pair.*
So wiſhesOne, that cannot add
Unto their pomp and ſtate;
To diminiſh a thought ne'er had,
And ſeeks not to be great:
But well believing the report
Of ſome who them attend,
As ſervants at his uſual court;
To whom he proves a friend.
Diſcord fly hence!—and each ſurmiſe,
Which Malice would ſuggeſt:
Let's count them only to be wiſe,
Who Harmony loves beſt:
Harmony is the ſafeſt way
To Reader, Writer's peace;
May it light both to realms of day,
Where It ſhall never ceaſe.

* This ſtanza took its riſe from the rembrance of the news-papers, &c. reporting the innocent and ſignificant tokens of affection yearly ſhewn to each other on their natal days, by an agreeable ſurpriſe of a preſent, equal to their dignity.—Let Hymenial's votaries do likewiſe.

An ACROSTICK.

C harms made in Nature's mold,
H ave at the moſt ſhort date;
A nd beauty vain, and old, and cold,
R etires, aſham'd of pomp and ſtate.
Laſting the ſoul inſpir'd
O f God with heavenly gifts:
T rue peace, true joy,—contentment flows
T o thoſe warm'd with CHARITYs fire,
E nduring cold, wind, hail, ra n, blow & ſnow.

A CONGRATULATION.

Hail! hail! fair Princeſs, doubly bleſt,
With noble partner, pleaſant land;
y every age and ſex careſt,
And all this world's good at command:
Wiſely may you its compaſs ſteer,
And let God's Word your pilot be;
Him truſt, fear, love, implore revere,
From rocks, ſhoals, ſands, you'll e'er keep free.
A meanial worm doth now congratulate,
You on your princely kingly happy fate,
Began almoſt with childhood's tender date:
O may it end with hoary age,—and late.

A CAUTION.

Deſpiſe not foreign powers, ſince they nurſe
Princes, Princeſſes, to unite with us;
Each other take for better or for worſe,
And ſhare one common lot, one heart, one purſe.

THE END.